

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER 20, 1824.

No. 21.

POLITICS.

NO. V.

Public Speeches and Political Discussions.

"The speech of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in 1742, on the occasion of the Westminster election, to the kneeling justices, was so long and severe, that the morning it was printed Sir Charles Hanbury Williams complained to him of the printer's having made a grievous mistake. 'Where? how?' I examined the proof-sheet myself!" Sir Charles replied, "In the conclusion he makes you say *more* might have been said; to be sure you wrote it *less* might have been said."*

There is nothing so generally applicable to modern literature in all its various branches as this remark of Sir Charles; for we can hardly take up a book upon any subject whatever, without thinking that less might have been said with great advantage. But there is no case where the remark would be so strikingly appropriate as to the political discussions which are constantly occupying the newspapers;—and during the warmth of debate which the late Presidential election occasioned, it was difficult to meet with an article of which we were not ready to say that less might have been said, with more truth, and generally, with greater effect.

McFingal's maxim that

Lying is, we know and teach,
The highest privilege of speech,
The universal magna-charta,
To which all human race is party,

seems to have been adopted with the first rudiments of political science, and continually received as one of those unquestionable axioms that are so clear and indisputable as to leave no room for question or cavil, even in these times when it is fashionable to question every thing, to doubt every thing, and to require new demonstrations for every opinion on whatever subject. It is somewhat singular that among all the innovations on long established customs, among all the improvements and alterations that have of late years been attempted, the novel project of introducing into politics, the ob-

ligations of morality, should never have been thought of. It is true, that in all the great political affairs of nations, such as carrying on wars, establishing colonies, &c. it would be absurd to think of morality or religion, since they cannot be carried on at all with any regard to either,—being intrinsically opposed to both: but in such political affairs as ordinary elections, and other minor matters, it is by no means certain that a resort to such measures as would disgrace any man to adopt for the attainment of any other end, is the best possible mode of bringing them about. In short it has never been proved that an adherence to the common maxims of morality, although doubtless a great innovation, would not be a considerable improvement in the management of political controversies. But it would probably be considered too violent and sudden a change to pass at once from the old system to one in which a strict regard to truth should be considered essential; and therefore it is at present only recommended to political writers to remember the above observation when they are concocting their falsehood; and by constantly remembering that less may be said, they may by degrees be brought to a state of preparation for saying so little, that nothing but the truth may appear.

It might very naturally be supposed that as no instance has occurred, in modern times, of any member of a deliberative assembly being influenced in the smallest possible degree by the speeches of other members, it would sometimes occur to the declaimers, who exhibit their talents in the Congress of the United States, that less might be said, with great propriety, on all questions in debate. So far however, is this from being the case, that like the above-mentioned speaker of the House of Commons, they all seem to think that *more* might be said. Some, indeed, go to such an extreme of absurdity as to pretend that they are giving reasons for their votes, when there is nothing in their speeches but what sets reason and rhyme equally at defiance. They also pretend to be communicating ideas in long-winded declamations, from which it is impossible to conjure up even the ghost of an idea, by any magic powers possessed in modern times.

If our politicians instead of thinking that

more might be said, and kindly undertaking to say it, could be made to understand that more might be done and a great deal less said, it would probably produce as powerful effects in politics as the steam engine in manufactures, or as Bonaparte's system of warfare (founded on the same principle) in military tactics.

When Gen. Hull commenced his celebrated campaign by issuing a proclamation, he doubtless imagined that more might be said as he proceeded on his career; that proclamations were the only offensive weapons necessary to be brought into actual use; and that where so much might be said, nothing need be done. The enemy however pursued a course which convinced every body except the General himself, that such weapons produced no greater effect when opposed to cannons and bayonets than Congressional speeches when in opposition to predetermined measures, or to common sense; and one would suppose it impossible not to be convinced by the arguments brought forward by them on the occasion that it is sometimes more profitable to act than to talk. Like all inveterate theorists however, the general seems still to think that more might be said, and he therefore, continues to issue his proclamations in the form of "Letters to the people of the United States," which are found to be about as effective as the one he first issued for the benefit of the Canadians.

In diplomatic correspondences it cannot fail to occur to any one who reads them, (if any person except the unfortunate proof-reader can perform such a task) that less might be said;—particularly, if there should happen to be any other object in view than that of showing that diplomatists do something to earn the salaries bestowed upon them. Indeed, there is no department of our government where economy of words might not be introduced to advantage; and among all the retrenchments that have been proposed, and the jealousy with which every public expenditure is scanned by the people, it is somewhat surprising that such profuse and wanton extravagance in words should be tolerated; and that among so many enlightened patriots as we possess, who are constantly devising plans for the benefit of their country, this very important subject should have been so long neglected.

Z.

*Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the last ten years of George II.

POPULAR TALES.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.—BY MRS. OPIE.

It has been said, and perhaps justly, that affliction has a tendency to harden the heart, and incline it to selfishness; but sometimes the heart is rendered, by its own trials, more tenderly alive to the trials of others; and the afflicted become actively solicitous to ward from the breasts of their fellow-creatures those arrows which have lacerated their own. An instance of this kind I am enabled to give in the following narrative.

After a happy union of several years with the man of her heart, Mrs. Beverley became a widow, and life would have been to her comparatively a blank, had she not been blessed with a son, to whom she could transfer, and in whom she could centre all those strong affections, which had hitherto been divided between her child and his father.

Charles Beverley was indeed of so mixed a character, a being so calculated to excite maternal anxiety, while he gratified maternal pride, that Mrs. Beverley had little leisure to revert to the past, so constantly was she engrossed with cares for the present and fears for the future. She had vainly hoped that Charles, when he had taken his degree, and had returned to his paternal roof, would have become a clergyman, and like his father have been an ornament to the church, and a blessing to his parishioners; but unfortunately he was of a speculating, ambitious nature, and he preferred risking his fortune in a commercial concern, in which he was offered a considerable share. At first all went on well; but on his partner's sudden death, his son, a dissipated, unprincipled young man, succeeded to the business, and in a very few years Mrs. Beverley found herself obliged to advance a considerable sum of money, out of her own income, in order to avert impending bankruptcy from Charles and his rash partner, William Dixon.

But, as is usually the case in such instances, the money was expended in vain; Charles was obliged to own to her that it was not in her power to save him from ruin, and he had wisely resolved to insist on calling the creditors together; when all at once his partner appeared in the highest spirits, produced money for every emergency, and, forcing bank notes on the astonished Charles, desired him not to trouble himself concerning their affairs, for that the storm was weathered, and all would soon be well.

Charles was only too willing to believe him, and he eagerly imparted his recovered tranquility and its cause to that tender mother who had been the participator, the soother, and the help of his troubles. But the

calm was transient, and the storm which followed of terrible duration. Scarcely had Mrs. Beverley rejoiced, though in trembling, over this surprising letter, when, just as she was preparing for bed, she heard a knock at the door, and on its being opened Charles pale and agitated, rushed into the house; sad, indeed was the tale which he had to tell. Dixon, he found, had been for some time connected with forgers,—the notes which he had circulated himself, and given Charles to circulate, were forgeries—he was already in custody, and so would Charles himself have been had he not escaped by a back-door and hastened to the village where his mother resided, in order to give her the comforting assurance that he was an innocent victim of his partner's guilt, and to consult with her on what it was best for him to do in this alarming emergency.

"Surrender yourself, and stand a trial!" was the dictate of her judgment, and also of her trust in Providence; but maternal anxiety, and Charles's conviction that it would be difficult to prove that he was not privy to the forgeries, got the better of every other feeling; and terror, lest this beloved child should be condemned to perish on a scaffold, made her urge him to escape to another country, and to assist him with the means of immediate flight.

Dreadful under such circumstances was the parting of the mother and son, but it was cheered to both by Mrs. Beverley's positive declaration, that she would ultimately settle wherever he did, and would know no other home or country but his. It was, indeed impossible for her to remain where she was, for Charles's flight had convinced every one of his guilt; and when Dixon was tried, convicted, and executed, she thought that she read in the eyes even of every friend whom she saw, "Such ought to have been the fate of your son!" while she knew that her assurances of his innocence must be given in vain. She, therefore, impatiently expected news of his safe arrival in Norway, whither he was bound, and in the mean while she made every preparation to join him in that country. But all hope of being reunited to her beloved son in this world was soon destroyed; for she received a letter from a friend of his at Elsinour, informing her that the ship in which Mr. Beverley sailed had been wrecked off the coast of Norway, and that every one on board had perished!

He added, that amongst the bodies washed on shore, he had recognized that of Charles Beverley, and had endeavored to revive him; but not understanding the means of resuscitation so well known, and so successfully practised in England, he had not succeeded in his efforts, and that he was then going to follow the remains of his lamented young friend to the grave.

At first the reason of the bereaved mother tottered under this unexpected calamity; but those who in every trial look upwards for relief, are always sure to obtain it; and, though bending to the earth with the burthen of her sorrow, Mrs. Beverley was at length able to seek refuge, as usual, from her sense of suffering in active employment.

But the idea that, had the proper remedies been applied to the body of her son, he might have been saved, was constantly recurring to her mind, adding bitterness to her regrets; and she continued to cling to this idea, occasionally with a degree of even insane tenacity, when she was forced from it by the power of equally painful certainties; for she learnt that she had to mourn over a greater evil than that of the death of her son: namely, the conviction of that son's immorality of conduct.

She found that he had private debts to a considerable amount, and that those debts had chiefly been incurred for the sake of an abandoned and expensive woman, who had long been his mistress. But the mind of Mrs. Beverley rebounded at length from the pressure of even this overwhelming affliction, and she again endeavoured to forget her son's evils in active exertions for the good of others, saying to herself, as she did so, "Since it is the will of Heaven that I should still exist, it is also its will that I should not live for myself alone!"

It was to the abode of her childhood, to the scenes where her maternal heart had first opened to the delight of seeing her son, when just able to walk, bounding before her on the pebbly shore in all the gaiety of infancy, that Mrs. Beverley had directed her steps, and she had taken up her abode in a large old-fashioned house on a remote coast of England. She had once possessed a house in this village, but had been forced to sell it in order to answer some of her son's demands; but wild, desolate, and straggling as the place was, it was so endeared to her by pleasing and even by mournful recollections, that she preferred this situation to every other for its own sake and she soon learnt to prize it still more for the sake of others.

There was not a coast in England more notorious for repeated shipwrecks than the one on which Mrs. Beverley had taken up her abode; and, scarcely had the Equinoxial gales begun to blow, when her shrinking sensibility, and her most agonizing associations were called forth by wrecks of a very affecting nature, for vessels were able to come so near the shore that the cries of the crews for succour could be distinctly heard, and their features could be easily distinguished.

Mrs. Beverley obtained from the Humane Society directions how to proceed in endeavours to restore drowned persons to life, and procured every necessary assis-

tance, and had appropriated a part of her own dwelling to the reception of all bodies that should be thrown on shore from wrecks in future.

Never was a house better situated for the purpose; as it stood on a rock, and was the nearest building to the spot where vessels were usually shipwrecked.

The first time that, through the means which she had caused to be used, she beheld a fellow creature restored to life, her joy and thankfulness were great even to a painful excess, but not long after her benevolent interference received a still greater reward.

One of the persons saved from apparent death by the indefatigable efforts which she obliged her agents to make, proved to be the son of a sort of decayed gentleman, well known to Dixon, and once acquainted with Charles Beverley.

The man frequently visited Dixon in prison; and, being with him the night before his execution, the culprit shewed him a paper which he had drawn up, in which he solemnly declared the innocence of Charles Beverley, and exculpated him from any knowledge, suspicion of, or participation in the crime for which he suffered. "This paper," said Dixon, "I mean to give to the sheriff, that poor Beverley's reputation may be cleared from all stains." "The sheriff! No, give it to me," replied Williams, "I will take care that it is made public directly!" The unhappy man believed him, entrusted the paper to his care, and Charles Beverley's name remained uncleared; for Williams was the father of Charles Beverley's mistress; and having, though very unjustly, attributed his daughter's original fall from virtue to him, he felt towards him sensations of the most vindictive nature; and now it was in his power to gratify those feelings.

"No," cried he, in the bitterness of his soul, when he left the prison, and held in his hand the affecting document, penned by a repentant sinner in the fullness of a contrite heart. "No! This paper shall never meet the light. As my poor child's honor and reputation were destroyed by Charles Beverley, his reputation, as a sort of retributive justice, shall remain injured for ever!"

But when he found from the representations of his restored son that he owed his life to the benevolent agency of Beverley's mother, his heart was rising with compunction; and when his erring daughter, who died soon after, declared that she had falsely accused Beverley of being the author of her dishonour, he would instantly, but for the dread of obloquy, have done his memory justice.

To this overt act of penitence he was, however, very soon most awfully obliged, for he found himself on his own bed of death

and could hesitate no longer to make Charles's innocence as public as possible; accompanying his declaration at the instigation of the clergyman, who attended him, by a confession of his motives for withholding the paper, and his sorrow for the double injustice which he had done Charles Beverley. He also wrote a letter to Mrs. Beverley full of penitence, of thanks, and blessings. But no language can do justice to the overpowering sensations which she experienced, when she not only found that her son's exculpation was published all over England, through the channel of the public prints, but that she had procured it by her exertions to save her fellow-creatures, and had at the same time, been the means of calling a sinner to repentance.—"Have I ever suffered? And have I ever dared to murmur?" burst from her quivering lips as she raised her clasped hands and tearful eyes to heaven; yet still in the happy wakefulness of the succeeding night she caught herself exclaiming, "but now that his reputation is once more restored, I cannot help wishing, more than ever, that he himself were alive! nevertheless, God's will be done!"

But the comfort which attended Mrs. Beverley's first acquaintance with her son's restoration to unblemished fame went on encreasing, for she could now talk of him again; and had a pride in informing those who had known and loved him when a child, that she could convince them from authority that he had never deserved the imputations cast on him; and when she occasionally was obliged to associate with the opulent inhabitants of the village, she felt that her step was more firm, her eye more assured, and her countenance more unembarrassed than had been; as she had hitherto felt that perhaps they regarded her as the mother of an untried felon!

But now the wound that had so long rankled was closed; and though she had always reason to be satisfied with the attention paid her by all descriptions of people, yet she was not deceived when she fancied that she was become a greater object of interest than before; for there was a degree of romance attached both to her whole history and to her active benevolence which could not fail, especially after this last incident, to make her more generally an object of attention and regard.

High had always been her rank in village estimation. The squire's wife was known by the name of the smart notable lady; the countess who, with her lord, inhabited during some few months of the year a castle just out of the village, was distinguished as the great lady; but Mrs. Beverley was always known by the name of a good lady. Envious distinction! Mrs. Beverley had it not in her power to bestow large bounties; but her visits, her smiles,

her looks, her offers of love to the poor who surrounded her, her sympathy in their sufferings, her active but chastened resentment of their injuries, and the fearless manner in which on principle she interfered to redress their wrongs, together with her generous provision for the necessitous,—all these things bound the neighbourhood so closely to her in the bonds of respect and affection, that even the noble and the distinguished, when the chance of life brought them, especially at church, into aught of intercourse with this retiring, but far exalted woman, beheld her with reverential esteem; and when they saw themselves received by the population of the village with low obeisance, and distant reverences, but beheld Mrs. Beverley surrounded by eager though respectful groups, enquiring after her health with kind anxiety,—while blessings involuntarily broke loudly from their lips, they felt, deeply felt, in spite of the illusions of pride, that they were in the presence of a superior.

Nor was it long before Mrs. Beverley's company was earnestly requested at the first houses in the neighbourhood, and her dwelling became an object of curiosity, especially those apartments consecrated to the recovery of drowned persons. But it was not in association with the great or the opulent that Mrs. Beverley had learnt those lessons which enabled her to rise superior to her trials, and to devote herself to the service of others; and she could not be easy to allow herself to be led away from the duties which had been to her a remedy and a blessing. She, therefore, firmly refused all invitations given, and busied herself, as usual, in the offices which she loved.

The winter, the only winter since she had lived in the North, had passed away guiltless of one wreck, and Mrs. Beverley felt the joy of a benevolent heart on the occasion; when, on the coming of the March Equinox, the winds became more than usually awful and threatening, and "Heaven help the poor souls at sea!" became once more the phrase in the mouth of every one. Nor was it long before a vessel was seen dismasted, and hoisting signals of distress, and calling forth in Mrs. Beverley's sympathising heart the usual train of suffering, and the usual motives to benevolent exertion. But while as yet the fate of the vessel seemed doubtful, the spectators from the rock under Mrs. Beverley's windows saw a man, having stripped himself of his upper garments, plunge headlong into the sea, as if resolved to try and swim for his life.—"Save him! Assist him! O! thou God of mercy!" cried Mrs. Beverley, as she continued to gaze on him, even in spite of herself, while he manfully struggled with the encreasingly tumultuous waves; but vain were the prayers she breathed. At length she saw the unhappy man's exertions grow

fainter and fainter, till at length he sunk beneath the waves, and was beheld no more.

Mrs. Beverley for a moment turned aside and wept bitterly! for so dared, and so died her son; but it was only for a moment that she could be absorbed in selfish sorrow. The next she gave to her usual prompt exertions. Immediately she sent her agents down to the shore to watch till the body should be cast on the sands, and, in a much less time than she could have imagined, it was so cast, and as usual it was brought into the appropriated apartments at Mrs. Beverley's.

Long and fruitless were all endeavours to restore the unhappy man to life; but Mrs. Beverley, who always, though unseen, presided over the operations, and stimulated to unabated exertions, would not allow the task to be given up. Continually reminding her agents how short a time the body had been in the water; and at last, in the very moments of despair, signs of returning life appeared, and another victim was saved from the power of impending death! As usual, too, the recovered person was carried to a comfortable bed, and, after every necessary process had been gone through, he was left to the refreshment of repose and sleep.

Mrs. Beverley retired to rest when she was assured that every thing had been done that was necessary, but to sleep after such a scene as she had witnessed, and the great excitement which she had undergone, was as she had often felt before, impossible; and she soon rose again, to watch from her window, the gradual declension of the storm, and to ascertain the now ensured safety of the so lately endangered vessel.

While thus employed she heard a low moaning from the chamber of the recovered stranger, and, fearing that he was ill, she hastened to listen at his door; but she soon convinced herself that the murmurs which she heard were only the murmurs of prayer, intermixed with the sobs of uncontrollable emotion, in tones familiar to her ear, and dear to her heart. But while that heart beat at the sound with vain and overwhelming recollections, the voice gradually sunk into silence, and it was not long before hard and low breathing convinced her that the stranger slumbered again.

When morning was quite risen she again went to his door, but all was still; so still, that her fancy took the alarm, and she feared that the quick and loud breathing which she had before heard was the harbinger of death, and that he had now ceased to breathe. She therefore gently opened the door; having undrawn the window curtains, she approached his bed. He was lying on his side, with his face half concealed by the bed clothes; but the flush on his cheek, the red on his lip, and the perceptible, though

gentle breathing from the latter, soon convinced her that he was living, and enjoying the comfort of refreshing sleep. She was then going to quit the room, when she saw that a small picture of herself had been displaced from its situation before the fireplace, and was lying on the pillow of the stranger. I cannot pretend to describe the bewildering emotions which now came over the brain of Mrs. Beverley. The tones she had heard, the sight before her; but, above all, the shape of the hand that now reposed upon the counterpane; and she was eagerly leaning over him to catch, if she could, a more sufficient view of his face, when he turned his head entirely round, and the now widening and now fast closing eyes of the astonished mother, gazed upon her son, her Charles! so long lost, so long lamented! It was he! The mother's eyes might be deceived, but the mother's ears and heart could not be so,—when he suddenly unclosed his eyes, and "Mother! Dearest mother!" burst from his quivering lips, as his arms opened to receive her fainting form! But she soon revived again, to wonder, to weep the tenderest tears of joy,—to kneel, to thanksgiving, to ask questions to which she did not wait for an answer, and then to exclaim in the language of the Patriarch, "Now let me die since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

The rest of my story is soon told. When Charles Beverley saw the certain danger of the ship in which he sailed, he pushed off to sea a sort of raft which they had on board, on which no one else was willing to venture, since despair had as yet reached its climax with him only, and on this frail support he ventured alone on the raging ocean beneath him.

To those who remained behind he must have, no doubt, appeared to perish in the waves, as long before he reached the land he had been forced to abandon the raft and trust to his own swimming, but he landed at length in safety on the Norwegian coast, at some distance from the port for which he had been bound. When he had recovered the excessive exhaustion consequent on his exertions, he saw from a rock, to which his anxious and impatient feelings enabled him to ascend, though with great difficulty, that the vessel which he had so providentially left was only just visible above water, and he concluded that all the crew perished with her. He also concluded that he should be supposed to have died with them, "and why should I not allow the error to continue," said he; "as I fled from trial, my reputation is for ever gone! and life without reputation is not worth having;" but then he recollected how his poor mother would mourn for his loss; the next moment, however, he reflected that as his immoralities would no doubt be made known to her after his departure, that she

would be so weaned from him by the disclosure that she would soon be resigned to his loss. But little did Charles Beverley know the heart of a mother! Little did he know how the maternal heart yearns to forgive the errors of the most offending child! As little did he reflect that his tender and pious parent would feel the bitterness of his supposed loss increased by the consciousness that he had been suddenly snatched away from the midst of unrepented sins. He therefore resolved to let himself be supposed dead, at least for the present, to change his name, and endeavour in another country to redeem the time which he had so shamefully misspent in his own. But before he tried to put his plans in execution he repaired in disguise to Elsinour, and there he learnt that the body of a Mr. Charles Beverley had been recognized by a Mr. Watzberg, and buried. This circumstance confirmed him in his resolution, and though he considered at first who would have been taken for him, he at length remembered that there was a young man on board who was thought greatly to resemble him.

He now contrived to make his way to Russia, and thence to India, where fortune smiled on his industry, his self denial, and his exemplary conduct; but at the end of ten years, having felt his heart yearn towards his mother and his country, he resolved to return to England, and discover himself to the former, even if he remained unknown to any one else. At the Cape he saw an English magazine, in which he read with overpowering delight and thankfulness that his reputation was cleared, that he might resume his own name, and enjoy his opulence, if his mother yet lived, without a single drawback. Nor, when he read what were the motives of Williams for so long withholding the proofs of his innocence, could he forbear to own that he was justly punished for the profligate conduct of which he was really guilty, by its being made the means of exposing him to the accusation of greater guilt of which he was entirely innocent. But when he was off the well-remembered coast, and in sight also of a well-remembered house, he saw himself in danger of a second shipwreck. Instantly urged perhaps by the recollection of past success, and relying on his knowledge of the shore, and his skill in swimming, he dared to trust himself once more to the waves.—The result I need not relate, but when on waking he saw opposite to his bed a picture of his mother, he started up, overcome with affectionate alarm, for he feared that she was dead, and had bequeathed her picture to the owner of the house; and he was eagerly rising to gain, if possible, some intelligence concerning Mrs. Beverly, when his courage failed him, and he feared to end his painful suspense by a certainty still

more painful; besides, he did not like to add to the trouble he had already given to the family by disturbing them so early, he therefore laid down again, after loud and repeated prayers for resignation, and at length his harassed and exhausted spirits sunk again into complete forgetfulness.

But till his last happy waking he knew not all his cause for thankfulness and joy, for then he not only woke to clasp his beloved mother to his heart, but to find that, in return for her endeavors to save the children of others, it had been given to her to recover and to save her own offspring.

Little more remains to be added. Taught and improved by suffering, Charles Beverley became the pride and comfort of his mother's declining years, and his children have pleasure in relating to their children the story of Grandmama and the Shipwreck.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Dr. Busby.—The doctor being asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments and the head mastership of Westminster School, through the dangerous reigns of Charles II. and James I. replied in the following laconic manner—"The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

Æschylus.—Æschylus, the tragic poet, once owed his life to the presence of mind of his brother Aminias. Having been accused by the Athenians of some expressions of impiety in one of his plays, he was condemned to be stoned to death. The moment was a critical one. In an instant Aminias threw aside his cloak, and shewed his arm without a hand. This had been lost at the battle of Salamis. The appeal was not lost—Æschylus was pardoned by general consent.

Queen Elizabeth's time and the present.—If we may credit a court-wit of Queen Elizabeth's time, the sopperies of that day nearly equalled those of the present. He thus describes them:—"Wee use much bombast and quiltings to seem better formed, broader shouldered, smaller waisted, and fuller thighed, than wee bee; wee barbe and shave often, to seeme younger than wee bee; wee use perfumes, both inward and outward, to seeme sweeter than wee bee; use courteous expressions, to seeme kinder than wee bee; lowly obeyances, to seeme humbler; and sometimes grave and godly communication, to seeme wiser and devouter than wee bee."

French Bull.—In the year 1793, one of the modern Brutuses of the French Revolution, in an address from the tribune, concluded in these emphatic terms: "Yes, citi-

zens, should tyrants ever find means to triumph over the republic, I would cut off my head with my own hand, present it to you, and cry, 'Behold the act of a free man!'"

Philip V.—In the year 1707, when Philip V. passed through Mont L'Heri, on his way to take possession of the throne of Spain, the priest of the place went out to meet him at the head of his congregation, and thus addressed him: "Long harangues, sir, are fatiguing to the speaker and tedious to the hearer; I will, therefore sing you something." It was a piece of a few stanzas in praise of the monarch, who was so well pleased, that when it was finished, he cried *Da capo*. The parson cheerfully repeated his song, and the king ordered ten louis-d'ors to be given him. The parson, in his turn, cried *Da capo!* and Philip, for the sake of the joke, gave him ten more louis-d'ors.

Madame de Stael and Talleyrand.—Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand, that in contemplating them he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put this question: "If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?"—"Madam," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the baroness first."

Joseph II. Emperor of Germany.—In one of those excursions which this emperor frequently took *incog.* he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival, he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room: he was told a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys, unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his suite having bespoke all the poultry. The emperor requested the bishop might be asked, if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoners, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner what he was going to do at Rome. "My lord," he replied, "is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the emperor is informed of its being vacant." They changed the conversation. The emperor wrote a letter to the chancellor of Rome, and another to his ambassador. He made the

almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address, on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise. The chancellor presented the patent to the astonished almoner.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The conscientious assassin.—When M. Cousinery, a merchant at Marseilles, celebrated throughout Europe for his collection of coins, resided at Smyrna, one day, when he was quite alone, a Slavonian entered his apartment. As the Slavonians were at that time frequently hired as assassins in Turkey Cousinery was somewhat alarmed at his appearance. The stranger did not leave him long in suspense. "Sir," said he, "I have received one hundred sequins to murder you: but if you will give me two hundred, I'll murder the man who hired me to do it." Cousinery went to his desk and told out the two hundred sequins.—"Here is the money you demand," said he to the Slavonian; "but you must promise me not to murder any one."—"What! two hundred sequins, and not murder any one! No, sir, that won't do. I will honestly earn the money!"—"Before you stir from this spot, you must swear to me that you will not murder any body." After hesitating some time out of delicacy, the Slavonian at length gave Cousinery the promise he required, and withdrew, declaring that the whole corps of the Slavonians would thenceforth take Cousinery under their protection, and defend him from all future danger of assassination.

The choice.—A quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new-year's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen franks, or the bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen franks." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen franks. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you too take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labor and industry?" "As you say the book is good, I will take it and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty franks. The others hung down their heads, and the quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

It is the disease of kings, of states, and of private men, to covet the greatest things, but not to enjoy the least: the desire of that which we neither have nor

need, taking from us the true use and fruition of what we have already. This curse upon mortal men was never taken from them since the beginning of the world to this day.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A frugal man will live comfortably and plentifully upon a little, and a profuse man will live beggarly, necessitously, and in continual want, whatever his supplies be.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Be satisfied and pleased with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

COWLEY.

Aphorisms and Moral Reflections.

The person who lies, in order to conceal a weak or wicked action, is no more sure of effecting the purpose, than the slattern, who ties a clean apron over a dirty petticoat is of concealing her untidiness—the slightest cross examination may detect the lie.

The vain man is he, who values himself on the qualities and advantages which he really possesses;—the conceited man values himself on qualities which he has not, and adds poverty of intellect to arrogance of pretension.

Enviably, indeed, are those who, when the hand of faithlessness, treachery, or death has blighted all their own prospects in this life, can delight to busy themselves in promoting the public or private welfare of their fellow-creatures. Though bankrupts themselves in happiness, by trading on commission for others, they will by that means gain in time a small capital of their own.

Men and women of talent, who live in the country, or in a provincial town, are very apt to overrate their own abilities, and to become conceited:—those who are in retirement have no one to compare themselves with, and are, therefore, ignorant of their deficiencies;—and those who live in a country town having, generally, only pigmies to measure with, naturally enough, therefore, suppose themselves to be giants.

There is nothing which requires so much mental courage, and so much firm principle, as to tell the strict truth, in spite of temptation to tell the lies of interest, of pride, and of complaisance; because no fame, no honor await the person who so does; as there is scarce an individual in society who values spontaneous truth, or indeed any truth:—to tell a little fib, a white lie, is thought even meritorious on some occasions; while a strict adherence to truth on small, as well as on great points, exposes the person who so adheres to be ridiculed, if not despised by people in general: therefore, he who can act up to his own sense of right, in defiance of ridicule and example, and also, unstimulated by aught but the whisper of conscience, is capable of what I must call the most difficult moral heroism.

Reward of Constancy.—Mr. Morier, in his journey through Persia, relates an anecdote of the Serdar of Ecrivan, which is highly creditable to him, and shews that the most brutal of men are sometimes capable of a humane or generous action. The Serdar, who amused himself from the windows of his palace in shooting the asses of the peasants who happen to be going along the road, in one of his predatory excursions into Georgia, made prisoner, and placed in his harem a Georgian maid, who had been betrothed to a fine youth. The youth followed her to Ecrivan, and having made known his arrival to her, they managed to escape for a short distance, but their steps were retraced, and they were brought back. The lover was ordered to leave Ecrivan; and as he was crossing the Zengui, a river which flows between high precipices, his mistress espied him from the top of one of the banks, and immense as the height was, threw herself down, determining either to join him, or to die in the attempt. Her fall was broken by the intervention of some willows, and she was taken up much bruised, though not dangerously hurt. To the honor of the Serdar, he did not carry his tyranny any further, but restored the couple to each other, gave them their liberty, and ordered them safe conduct to their homes.

A Person in high life, as avaricious as he was rich, was invited to a party where it was almost an indispensable duty to be full and elegantly dressed. In the mean time, as this miserly gentleman did not wish to be at any extraordinary expense, he purchased, at a very cheap rate, at a pawnbroker's, a button and loop for his operahat, made of paste. The night before the festival, he went to a public room that was well lighted up, in order to judge of the effect of his false jewels. There meeting with some young relations, and experienced legacy hunters, who wished to get into his good graces, and who had long desired to make him some handsome present, one of these changed his hat for a new one, ornamented with real diamonds of the finest water.

The miser's eye sparkled with joy as he beheld them; but he did not belie his usual character: as he stepped into a coach, he called his servant to him, and holding him by the button, he whispered him, "Go and try to get my old hat back again!"

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

From a Tour in Germany.

SCHILLER.

No German poet deserves better to be known than Schiller, yet his most successful efforts are least generally known among us. His merits are by no means confined to the

drama; whoever is not acquainted with Schiller's Lyrical Poems, is ignorant of many of his most particular and inimitable productions. In the ballad he aimed at the utmost simplicity of feeling, and narrative, and diction. It would scarcely be too much to say, that, in this style, his "Knight Toggenburg" has no equal; in German it certainly has none.

"Even in the drama, most English readers judge of Schiller only from the Robbers, a boyish production, which gave indeed distinct promise of the fruit that was to come, but is no more a sample of Schiller, than Titus Andronicus would be of Shakspeare. It is impossible to form any idea of the German dramatist without knowing his Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, the Bride of Messina, and, higher than them all, Wallenstein.—It was an unworthy tribute to living genius to select Göthe's Iphigenia for the opening of the new theatre in Berlin; for, high and multifarious as Göthe's merits are, Schiller will always remain the great national dramatic poet of Germany. Before his time her tragic muse had seldom risen above damning mediocrity; and ages will probably elapse before another appear to raise her to the same honors. Whenever a tragedy of Schiller was to be performed, I never found an empty theatre in any corner of Germany. Moreover, on such occasions the theatre is not crowded with the usual regular play-going loungers, who spend a couple of hours in a box because they have nothing else to do; the audience consists chiefly of respectable citizens, who feel much more truly what nature and passion are, than the ribboned aristocracy of Berlin or Vienna. Schiller nursed his genius by studying Shakspeare; and it is wonderful how little an Englishman regrets Drury Lane or Covent Garden, when Madame Schröder, at Vienna, plays Lady Macbeth in Schiller's translation. We cannot be surprised that Shakspeare is admired: but at least we owe our gratitude to those who have introduced him to a people more able to appreciate his excellence than any other except ourselves; and that, too, in a dress which, from the affinity of the languages, when in the hands of such men as Wieland and Schiller, Schlegel and Voss, impairs so little the original form.

LITERARY

AND

Scientific Notices.

An Essay on Elocution with Elucidatory passages from various authors, and Remarks on reading Prose and Verse with suggestions to instructors of the art. By J. H. Dwyer, Lecturer on, and teacher of Elocution, has just been published in this city.

It is very neatly printed, and in such a form and style as to render it a suitable work to be adopted as one of the elementary books in our schools. The recommendations from the Hon. Brockholst Livingston, Dr. S. L. Mitchell and Rev. Edward D. Barry, prefixed to the book, are satisfactory proofs of the merit of the original matter contained in it, and the selections appear to be so judiciously made that, although we have not had time to examine it attentively, yet we have no doubt that it will be found preferable as a school book to most of those of a similar character at present in use. We expect in a future number to notice it more particularly.

A new play entitled "Restoration, or the Diamond Cross," by J. A. Stone, Comedian, has been announced for representation in N. York, of a suitable size and price, and printed neatly.

John Paul Jones.—We are informed that Mr. Sherburne, of the Navy Department, intends shortly to publish an authentic Journal of the Cruises of this once celebrated Commander during the Revolutionary War. This Journal, which Mr. Sherburne has now in his possession, written by the Hon. Elijah Hall (at present the Naval Officer at Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, who was one of his Lieutenants, his confidential friend, and the only surviving officer that sailed with him, during his cruises,) and under the immediate inspection of Captain Jones, and contains every occurrence that took place from day to day—also, the correspondence between them, and a correct List of our Navy in 1776, '77, '78, '79, and '80—the names of the ships, where built, rates, the commanders' names, &c.

Works in Press.

The Valley of Shenandoah, a Novel, in two volumes, descriptive of Southern scenery and manners.—Charles Wiley.

Tales of an American Landlord, containing Sketches of Life South of the Potomac, in two volumes 12mo.—W. B. Gilley. Those who have seen the manuscript of this work speak in very high terms of it.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-six. A Tale of Olden Times. By the Author of Divers Unfinished Manuscripts, &c. In two volumes.—Wells & Lilly.

Digest of American Reports. In four volumes, royal 8vo. By T. J. Wharton, Esq.

M. Villanueva, a learned Spanish refugee at present in London, and the author of several celebrated works, is preparing a complete biography of all the Spanish writers,

from 1808 to the present period. It is a curious fact, that the greater number of the writers who have been thought worthy of a place in this work, are at present in England, France, Italy, and even at Petersburg.

The late M. Zea, the celebrated Peruvian botanist, asserts that the most delicate seeds of American plants may be sent to Europe in the highest preservation, by being enveloped in that kind of raw brown sugar which always keeps it humidity. When the seeds are to be sown, it is only requisite to immerse them in lukewarm water, which will take off the sugar.

MURIATE OF LIME AS A STIMULANT OF VEGETATION.—M. Dubuc, an apothecary of Rouen, in France, has discovered, as the result of a great many experiments, that the solution of one part (by weight) of dry muriate of lime, in sixty parts of water, making two degrees on the French hydrometer, in an astonishing manner promotes the growth of plants, the soil of which is watered by this saline solution. The ground intended to receive the vegetables is first watered with the solution, then the seeds and plants are again so watered when planted; and three or four times afterwards, this is repeated during their growth.

TRANSPARENT SOAP.—Take a glass phial, and half fill it with shavings of Windsor or curd soap; fill the phial with the best spirits of wine, put it near the fire until the soap is dissolved, then pour it into a mould of any shape you please, you will have for sixpence as much transparent soap as is sold for two shillings.

M. Marion has found, in the island of Manilla, a species of reptile, of the family of the Agamoides, which has the faculty of changing colour like theameleon. Its head is triangular, pretty large in proportion to the body; the tail long and slender; along the back, the crest or rid is formed of soft scales and under the throat is a goitre. The feet have toes detached, and very unequal; the scales are mostly triangular, imbricated, and especially those of the tail. The iris is blackish, bordered with a little white circle about the pupil. The animal is very active, and feeds on insects.

Summary.

Emigration to Hayti.—The brig De Witt Clinton, from N. York, arrived at Port au Prince on the 25th of September. The emigrants all arrived safe and were much pleased with their reception. A public dinner was given to the captain of the brig, at which many of the principal citizens were present.

Department of Home Affairs.—It is reported, that President Monroe, in his message to Congress at the opening of the ensuing session, will recommend the establish-

ment of a new Department of the Government with the above title.—It is mentioned that Congress probably will adopt the measure, and to prevent an increase of expense, abolish the office of *Secretary of the Navy*, making the President of the Navy Board one of the Cabinet.—*Bost. Cent.*

Mexico.—We have before us Mexican papers of the latest dates. Their contents are, on the whole, encouraging as to the prospects of the new Federal Republic.—We remark much intelligence and a strong republican spirit in the debates both of the Supreme Congress and the legislatures of the several States. The former was engaged in the regeneration of the Judiciary Department. In the election of a President and Vice President of the Union, which was in progress. Generals Bravo and Victoria appear to have received the highest number of votes. Newspapers were multiplying in the interior, and all favourable to the new order of things. In some of the states, there continued to be either actual disturbances or apprehensions of them. But they are of no great magnitude.

The legislature of Vera Cruz has passed a vote of thanks to that of Tamaulapas for its firm conduct in ordering Iturbide to be shot, and decreed that the names of its members should be inscribed in letters of gold in the legislative hall of Vera Cruz.

Nat. Gaz.

Spain and Portugal.—Cadiz papers to the 27th of Aug. are filled with decrees against the Constitutionalists, who, if possible, are treated every where with greater rigor than before the late affair at Tariffa. A letter, dated Lisbon Sept. 4th, represents the affairs of Portugal as in a worse condition than ever. "From present appearances [says the writer] nothing can save Spain and Portugal from another revolution."

Peru.—A signal victory has been obtained by the Patriot army commanded by Bolivar over the royalist forces under Canterac.

The loss sustained by the Royal army is so great, that it is supposed they will not attempt to renew the contest.

Greece.—The French papers of the 17th September, give an account of an attack made by the Turks on the island of Samos, which ended in the almost entire destruction of the Turkish expedition, by fire ships and by the sword. Letters had also been received in London, from Leghorn, confirming the account.

Letters from Alexandria state, that the Egyptian expedition had sailed against Greece from that port on the 17th of July. It is stated to consist of 10,000 infantry, and 2,000 cavalry.

A. N. Deming, Printer.

Corner of Main and Columbia streets.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

AUTUMN.

Lo! Autumn comes, with solemn step and slow,
Her yellow hair with golden chaplets crowned;
And her attending Nymphs, a pensive train,
In various hues, but most in russet, clad.
No roses dropping dew they strew around,
But sickly leaves, which rustle as they fall,
Their pale, cold, fingers scatter o'er the plain.
Oft in the eddying whirl again they rise,
As if impatient of their low estate,
And vainly seek the skies;—The whirlwind past,
Down, down they come, to mingle with the dust.
'Tis thus with all that *breathe* as well as *live*.
With Nature, and with Time, man struggles long,
Supported by a breath:—The bubble bursts,
And with his native element he lies,
An undistinguished mass!—Where now his pride,
Wealth, fame, and honors—all—where are they
now?

Autumn! with all thy gloom, thy solemn air,
Thy aspect of decay,—I love thee well.
Attuned to thee, the feeling soul emits
Its softest, richest tones,—beneath whose sway
Discord is reconciled and passion hushed.
In contemplation rapt I love to stray,
And listen to the spirit of the scene,
Whose admonitions pure my heart inspire
With virtue's flame.—MATURITY—DECAY—
How close their footsteps on each other tread;
And how unmarked the shades which intervene!
As in a summer's sky, when daylight dies,
The gorgeous tints scarce fix our wond'ring gaze,
Ere, one by one, each glowing hue is gone,
And darkness, still and death-like, covers all.
—And thus, delightful season of repose,
Inspiring calmness and ennobling thought,
Shall Winter's snowy shroud fall upon you!
October 31st, 1824. MYRA.

On a vignette in the album of Miss E. B. where a
lone man is endeavoring to hold Love by a chain.

Why fly from me, thou cruel god,
And leave my heart to grief a prey?
Return, and make it thy abode,
And rule with unresisted sway.

Return to thee, thou lonely wight,
And no sweet smile of woman find!
Ah, never hope to chain my flight,
'Till Ellen's hands the fetters bind!

1824.

H.

ON THE SAME.

'Tis vain that manhood's strength applies,
With sinewy arm an iron chain;
The baby-god indignant flies,
Nor will rude force his steps detain.

A silken noose, with easy fold,
Were surer far to bind Love's feet;
So lightly round his soft limbs rolled
That bondage were as freedom sweet.

MYRA.

SELECTED.

SONNET.

Translated from the Italian of Buondelmonte.

Oft will Love his radiant eyes
Conceal in friendship's simple guise:
Disdain or anger oft he wears,
Or melts in pity's soothing tears:
Devotion's name he borrows now;
A joyful face or pettish brow:
But let him take what shape he will,
'Tis Love that hovers round you still!

CLIO.

SONG.

Lord Roland rose, and went to mass,
And doffed his mourning weed;
And bade them bring a looking-glass,
And saddle fast a steed;
"I'll deck with gems my bonnet's loop,
And wear a feather fine;
And when lorn lovers sit and droop,
Why I will sit and dine;
Sing merrily, sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine.

"Though Elgitha be thus untrue,
Adele is beauteous yet;
And he that's baffled by the blue
May bow before the jet;
So welcome, welcome, hail or heath!
So welcome, shower or shine!
And wither there thou willow wreath,
Thou never shalt be mine:—
Sing merrily, sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine.

"Proud Elgitha, a health to thee,
A health in brimming gold,
And store of lovers after me,
As honest, and less cold;
My hand is on my bugle horn,
My boat is on the brine;
If ever gallant died of scorn,
I shall not die of thine;
Sing merrily, sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine."

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright on high,
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
Like soft fears to shade their beaming.
The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by starlight wreathing,
And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night-flowers.

Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

My Mother! weary years have passed, since last
I met thy gentle smile; and sadly then
It fell upon my young and joyous heart.
There was a mortal paleness on thy cheek,
And well I knew, they bore thee far away
With a vain hope to mend the broken springs—
The springs of life. And bitter tears I shed
In childhood's short-lived agony of grief,
When soothing voices said that thou wert gone,
And that I must not weep, for thou wert lost.
Full many a flower has bloomed upon thy grave,
And many a winter's snow has melted there;
Childhood has passed, and youth is passing now,
And scatters paler roses on my path;
Dim and more dim my fancy paints thy form,
Thy mild blue eye, thy cheek so thin and fair,
Touched, when I saw thee last, with hectic flush,
Telling in solemn beauty, of the grave.
Mine ear hath lost the accents of thy voice,
And faintly o'er my memory comes at times
A glimpse of joys that had their source in thee,
Like one brief strain of some forgotten song.
And then at times a blessed dream comes down,
Missioned, perhaps, by thee from brighter realms;
And, wearing all the semblance of thy form,
Gives to my heart the joy of days gone by.
With gushing tears I wake; O, art thou not
Unseen and bodiless around my path,
Watching with brooding love about thy child?
Is it not so, my mother? I will not
Think it a fancy, wild, and vain, and false,
That spirits good and pure as thine, descend
Like guardian angels round the few they loved;
Oft intercepting coming woes, and still
Joying on every beam that gilds our paths,
And waving snowy pinions o'er our heads
When midnight slumbers close our aching eyes.

A.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR

Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love;
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above:
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail! thou soft, though holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy;
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh! guide me, Hesper, on my way.

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plundering trade:
Thy gentle errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

Published on Saturdays by JOHN P. FOOTE
at the Book store, No. 14, Lower Market Street
at THREE DOLLARS per annum in advance.